

THE RURAL MAGAZINE.



AND JOIN BOTH PROFIT AND DELIGHT IN ONE.

VOLUME I.

NEWARK, SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1798.

NUMBER 7.

An account of the rise and progress of the pernicious vice of Gambling, and the alarming extent to which it is carried on in the city of London.

(Concluded.)

IN calculating the chances upon the whole numbers in the wheels, and the premiums which are paid, there is generally about 33 1-3d per cent. in favor of the Lottery Insurers; but when it is considered that the lower ranks, from not being able to recollect or comprehend high numbers, always fix on low ones, the chance in favor of the insurer is greatly increased, and the deluded poor are plundered to an extent which really exceeds all calculation.

Of how much importance therefore is it to the Public at large, to see these evils suppressed; and above all, this novel system annihilated, by which Gambling Establishments are formed upon commercial principles of methodical arrangements, with vast capitals employed for the most infamous and diabolical purposes.

Let those who have acquired wealth in this way be satisfied with what they have gotten, and with the misery their gains have occasioned to ruined thousands: let them abstain from employing it in channels calculated to extend these evils. The law is generally slow in its operations: but it seldom fails to overtake the guilty at last.

To this confederacy, powerful in wealth, and unrestrained by those considerations of moral rectitude, which govern the conduct of other men engaged in the common pursuits of life, is to be attributed those vast additional hazards to which the young and inexperienced are at present subjected—Hazards, which not only did not exist before these establishments were matured and moulded into system; but which are now considerably increased from its becoming a part of the general arrangements to employ men of genteel exterior, (and it is to be feared, too, in many instances of good connections) who, having been ruined by the delusion, descend, as a means of subsistence, to accept the degrading office of seeking out those customers, whose access to money render them proper objects to be ensnared.—For such is the nature of this new system of destruction, that while a young man entering upon life, conceives himself honored by the friendship and acquaintance of those who are considered to be men of fashion, and of good connections, he is deluded by splendid entertainments into the snare, which afterwards robs him of his property and peace of mind.

At no period, therefore, has it been more necessary to exercise caution and prudence than under the circumstances already explained.

Since men, likely to sport away property, are now sought for: Formerly they were permitted to seek out the road to ruin; but the system adopted in the present situation of things is to furnish a guide.

Such are the arrangements of this alarming and mischievous confederacy, for the purpose of plundering the thoughtless and unwary.—The evidence given in the Court of King's Bench, in an action, tried for Gaming, on the 29th November, 1796, fully develops the shocking System of fraud which is pursued, after the inexperienced and unwary are entrapped into these receptacles of ruin and destruction.* It ought not only to serve as a beacon to every young man of property carefully to avoid such snares; but also as an inducement to great Public Bodies, who employ a number of clerks, as well as to Bankers, Merchants, Warehousemen and others, to warn and admonish the persons entrusted with money in their employment, of the imminent danger and inevitable ruin which an attachment to Gaming or the Lottery must produce; thereby putting them upon their guard against the frauds which may be practised to seduce them into this fatal vice.

It will also occur to Parents and Guardians to be vigilant in marking the conduct of young men under their charge, and to warn them of the infamous plans which are laid to work their ruin and destruction.

Nor ought less attention to be bestowed in guarding menial servants, and the labouring people in general, from the delusion of the lottery.—An attention to this object would be an act of great charity and humanity, and in its consequences might produce infinitely more benefit than any sum of money, however extensive, that could be raised for a charitable purpose: for it would in general prevent the necessity of those liberal donations, which become necessary more from the thoughtless prodigality, and the ill regulated economy of the poor, arising in too many instances from the numerous temptations which a great Metropolis affords, than from any actual necessity.

But when our views are extended to the destruction of morals, and to the shocking waste of time, as well as the waste of property, which attaches to these pursuits, there is no branch of political economy so important, or so truly worthy the systematic attention of men of fortune and virtue, as the means of checking, by gentle palliatives, the destructive vices of the laboring people.—To render them happy they should be taught frugality and virtue.—To abandon them to their ill-regulated passions and propensities, which often arise more from ignorance than bad intentions, is an act of cruelty to them, and injustice to the community.

* The following is the substance of the most striking parts of the evidence of John Shepard, in an action for Gaming, tried in the King's Bench, 29th of November, 1796.

"The witness saw Hazard played at the Gaming-House of the defendant, in Leicester Street.—Every person who was three times successful, paid the defendant a Silver Medal, which he purchased from him on entering the house, at eight for a guinea, and he received six or seven of these in the course of an hour for the Box Hands, as it was called. The people who frequented this house always played for a considerable sum. Sometimes £20 or £30 depended on a single throw of the dice. The witness remembered being once at the defendant's Gaming-House about three or four o'clock in the morning, when a gentleman came in very much in liquor.—He seemed to have a great deal of money about him.—The defendant said he had not intended to play, but now he would set to with this fellow.—He then scraped a little wax with his finger off one of the candles and put the dice together, so that they came seven every way. After doing this, he dropped them into the box and threw them out, and afterwards drew all the money away, saying he had won it.—Seven was the main, and he could not throw any thing but seven. The young gentleman said he had not given him time to bar.—A dispute arose between the defendant and him.—It was referred to two or three persons who were round the table, and they gave it in favor of the defendant.—The gentleman said he had lost upwards of 70l.—The defendant said we have cleared him.—The witness has seen a man pawn his watch and ring in several instances; and once he saw a man pawn his coat and go away without it.

"After the Gaming-Table was broken by the Bow-Street Officers, the defendant said it was too good a thing to be given up, and instantly got another Table, large enough for twenty or thirty people.—The frequenters of his house used to play till day light; and on one or two occasions, they played all the next day. This is what the defendant called, sticking to it rarely. The guests were furnished with wine and suppers gratis, from the funds of the partnership, in abundance. Sunday was a grand day. The witness has seen more than forty people there at a time. The Table not being sufficient for the whole, half-a-crown used on such occasions to be given for a seat, and those behind looked over the back of the others and betted."

The person above-mentioned (whose name was Smith) who pawned his coat, corroborated the above evidence; and added, that he had seen a person, after he had lost all his money, throw off his coat and go away, losing it also.

—MAXIM—

WHAT seems to be generosity is often no more than disguised ambition; which overlooks little interests, in order to gratify great ones.

THE IMPOSTORS.

By Don Manuel, Prince of Spain.

VULGAR errors maintain their ground, because men have not spirit enough to detect them. It is common for us to praise or condemn against our own conviction, and adopt idle opinions, lest we appear to have less taste and discernment than those who invented them. Imposture however, has but its day, and perhaps it may be a long one; but it must give way at last, and truth will shine out with redoubled lustre.

Three sharpers, having found means to be introduced to a king, told him that they could weave a brocade of exquisite workmanship, and of so rare a property, that it would be invisible to any person who was either base-born, dishonoured by his wife, or had been guilty of any villainy. The king desirous to possess so great a rarity, gave them a kind reception, and allotted them a palace to carry on the manufacture. He furnished them with money, gold, silver, silk and other materials. They fixed up their looms and reported that they were all day employed upon the web. After some time, one of them waited upon the king, and acquainted him that the work was begun, and that the brocade would be the most beautiful in the world, as his majesty might be convinced, if he would condescend to come and see it alone.—The king, to prove the reality of their pretensions, instead of going himself, he sent his chamberlain, but without dropping any hint of the danger of an imposture. The chamberlain went: but when the weavers told the property of the brocade, he had not courage enough to say that he did not see it, but told the king that the work went on, and that the piece would be of an unparalleled beauty. The king sent another nobleman who, from the same motive, made the same report. After that he sent many others, who all declared they had seen the piece. At length the king went himself, and upon entrance observed that their whole conversation turned upon the success of their work; one saying, 'here is a noble foliage!' another, 'what a grand design!' a third, 'how beautiful is this colour!' But as he saw nothing all this time except the loom, and as he could not suspect the report which had been brought him by so many courtiers without any variation, he was struck to the heart, and began to doubt of the legitimacy of his own birth. However, he thought it most prudent to express himself highly pleased with the goodness and beauty of this master piece of art. At the end of three days, he sent the steward of his household, who, that he might not lose his honor, praised the work even more than the king had done.—This redoubled the king's veneration; and he and all his courtiers remained in the utmost doubt and perplexity; no one daring to confess that this famous piece was a non entity to him.

In this state the affair continued, till upon occasion of a great festival, some courtiers pressed his majesty to have robes made of this silk in honor of the day. When the weavers came to the presence chamber, they insisted that none could make up the brocade so well as themselves, pretended that they had brought it with them curiously wrapped up, and busied themselves as if they were unfolding it. They also took measure of his majesty, handled their scissors, and practised all the motions of persons busy in cutting out. On the festival day they returned, pretended they brought the robe, made as if

they were trying it on, and at length told his majesty, that it fitted him, and adorned him beyond imagination. The king, credulous and confounded, walked down stairs, mounted his horse and began the solemn cavalcade, in which he shewed himself to the people; who having heard that he who could not see the brocade must be a villain, a bastard, or cuckold, unanimously declared that they saw it. At length a Moor who belonged to the King's stables, could not help crying out, "The king is in his shirt, the king is naked." The ice was now broke. The next person to him said the same, and the confession of not seeing this imaginary brocade, was soon made by every mouth; till at last the king himself and all his courtiers, encouraged by the multitude, divested themselves of their fears, and ventured to own the deception. Upon this, orders were given to apprehend the sharpers; but they had very wisely taken care of themselves, and made off with the money, gold, silver, silk, and other valuables with which the king had supplied them. Thus many erroneous opinions prevail in the world, from the dread of incurring the censure of singularity, though the singularity should be ever so reasonable.

A NEW IMPROVED PLAN OF A BEE-HIVE.

WHERE ornament and pleasure have been particularly studied, neat mahogany and glass hives have been constructed in the windows of dwelling-houses: by which means company in a sitting room may see into the glass hives, and be amused by the activity of the industrious community every moment of the day, and learn a lesson of employing their own moments to the most useful purposes.

Some bee-hives are so constructed with glass of different sizes, as to represent a pyramid; which at the same time are highly productive. This is done by placing over the body of the hive, which is of glass, a flat round board, perforated neatly round the edges, with holes sufficiently large to admit the bees, readily to pass and repass; over each hole a small glass, like a cupola is inverted; and as soon as the body of the hive is filled the bee continues his labor upwards till every glass cupola is richly filled with wax and honey. Over these another flat board, perforated in the same manner, and furnished with glass, is placed; and even other strata, lessening in diameter, may be so added as to represent a beautiful and lofty pyramid. In this pyramidal form of raising the hive, the bees continue to work without swarming, or leaving the hive till the glass cupolas are filled with wax and honey; and there they may be prolonged, by removing the glass as soon as filled and substitute empty ones. These glasses may be made of such size as to suit a family to breakfast, each of which may be daily introduced from the table fresh from the hive.

A little honey on the bread would save the use of butter on the occasion, and be more wholesome. It is at the same time a luxury that every family in possession of a garden, may command without expense; and certainly with the addition of rational amusement. To unite this with profit is the intention of these hints, which experience will improve upon, and amply reward the proprietor of this most industrious community of labourers, who seek no reward in return but house and shelter from the inclemency of the seasons.

SINGULAR INSTANCE of SAGACITY in a DOG.

A GENTLEMAN of Suffolk, being on a journey with his friend, and a Newfoundland dog, who was one of the party, being the subject of their conversation, asserted that he would fetch any thing he was ordered from any distance. To prove this, a marked shilling was put under a large stone on the side of the road, and the gentlemen, accompanied by the dog, rode forward for three miles, when the dog's master ordered him to go back, and fetch the shilling he had seen put under the stone. The dog turned back, and the gentlemen rode forward and got home; but contrary to their expectations, the quadruped did not return for the whole day.

It appeared afterwards, that he had gone to the place where the shilling was deposited, but the stone being too large for his strength to remove, he had staid howling at the place till two horsemen riding by, attracted by his seeming distress, stopped to look at him, and one of them alighted and removed the stone, when finding the shilling, he put it into his pocket, not conceiving the dog could be seeking for that. The dog followed their horses for upwards of twenty miles, staid in the room where they supped, followed the chambermaid into the bedroom, and hid under one of the beds. The possessor of the shilling hung his small-clothes upon a nail by the bed-side, but when they were both asleep, the dog got them off the nail, and the window being open, leaped out of it with the small-clothes in his mouth, and dragged them through bog and quagmire, over ditch and through hedge, until 4 o'clock, when he arrived at his master's house. In the pockets were found several guineas and four watches (the owner being a dealer in those articles) and the marked shilling. The watches, &c. being advertised were returned, and the thief not convicted.

THE CHURCH YARD.

A FRAGMENT.

*****I WALKED into the Church-Yard, and placed myself near a grave that had been newly dug, in order to take a view of the different characters that approached.

The body was deposited in the place appointed. The mourners stood near the clergyman, as he read the service. The father of the departed held a handkerchief in his hand, which he alternately applied to each eye, for the purpose of wiping off the briny tear; for they were abundantly surcharged therewith. His eye was fixed on the coffin; now it reverted to the minister: again it fell to the ground in hopeless sorrow.

The uncle next caught my attention; he also held a handkerchief in his hand.—But for the life of me I could not tell for what, unless it was that *fashion* demanded it. His sorrow appeared to reside no where but in his dress: and I must say, he was in no wise deficient in that point. I could not perceive that he took the least notice of the ceremony; his attention was more occupied on the things of this world. I imagined he was taking the model of a house that stood near; and it surprised me not a little that he did not take out his pocket-book, in order to note it.

In the maintenance of the divine was depicted humility—it was with solemnity he fulfilled his office.

The people were departing; but the sincere mourner was still standing by the grave. The uncle had reached the gate; but suddenly he arrested his steps: he missed his fellow, and returned. He pulled out his handkerchief again, and when he stood along side his brother applied it to his eyes!—

—Shame on the hypocrite!

NEWARK, MARCH 31.

LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

PROPOSALS are held forth in Philadelphia for printing the following works: *A Treatise on the Police of London*; containing a detail of the various crimes and misdemeanors by which public and private property are at present injured and endangered: and suggesting remedies for their prevention, by a magistrate. This is a very curious and interesting treatise, exhibiting a picture of human depravity, almost beyond credibility—Tables and calculations are given exhibiting the amazing population and wealth of the greatest commercial emporium in the world. The extracts on the subject of gambling, published in our numbers, afford a specimen of the merits of this performance.

A practical view of the prevailing religious Systems of professed Christians, contrasted with real Christianity; by William Wilberforce, Esq. member of the British House of Parliament. Search the Scriptures, 1. John, v. 39.

*How charming is Divine Philosophy,
Not harsh and crabbed as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.* MILTON.

This work has but a few months since appeared in London and has already run through four large additions. It will be re-published by J. Ormrod, No. 41, Chestnut-street, Philadelphia, in a large 8vo. Price to subscribers, one Dollar 25 Cents.

To be printed by Way and Croff, No. 27 Arch-street, Philadelphia, in an Octavo Volume, price in boards, one Dollar and 50 Cents, *Count Rumfords Experimental Essays, Political, Economical and Philosophical*. Among which are one on Chimney Fire-places; with proposals for improving them to save fuel; to render dwelling-houses more comfortable and salubrious, and effectually to prevent chimnies from smoaking. Illustrated with engravings.

The high estimation in which these truly valuable and interesting Essays are held, and the great demand constantly made for them, in different parts of the United States, render it unnecessary to bestow any commendation on their merits.

MARRIAGES.

At Orange Dale, on Sunday the 25th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Chapman, Mr. JOSIAH FROST, to Miss ABBEY JONES.

In this town, on Tuesday evening last, by the Rev. Dr. McWhorter, Mr. NOAH BEACH, of Hanover, to Miss ELIZABETH LINDSLEY, of Orange Dale.

THE MORALIST.

Death no Evil.

DEATH, the last and most dreadful of all evils, is so far from being one, that it is the infallible cure for all others.

*To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never beat, nor tempests roar—
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.*

GARTH.

For, abstracted from the sickness and sufferings usually attending it, it is no more than the expiration of that term of life, God was pleased to bestow on us, without any claim or merit on our part. But was it an evil ever so great, it could not be remedied but by one much greater, which is by living for ever; by which means our wickedness, unrestrained by the prospect of a future state, would grow so insupportable, our sufferings so intolerable by perseverance, and our pleasures so tiresome by repetition, that no being in the universe could be so completely miserable, as a species of immortal men. We have no reason therefore, to look upon death as an evil, or to fear it as a punishment, even without any supposition of a future life: but if we consider it as a passage to a more perfect state, or a remove only in an eternal succession of still improving states, (for which we have the strongest reasons) it will then appear a new favour from the divine munificence, and a man must be as absurd to repine at dying, as a traveller would be, who proposed to himself a delightful tour through various unknown countries, to lament that he cannot take up his residence at the first dirty inn which he baits at on the road. The instability of human life, or the changes of its successive periods, of which we so frequently complain, are no more than the necessary progress of it to this necessary conclusion; and are so far from being evils deserving these complaints, that they are the source of our greatest pleasures as they are the sources of novelty, from which our greatest pleasures are ever derived. The continual succession of seasons in the human life, by daily presenting to us new scenes, render it agreeable, and like those of the year, afford us delights by their change, which the choicest of them could not give us by their continuance. In the spring of life, the gilding of the sun-shine, the verdure of the fields, and the variegated paintings of the sky, are so exquisite in the eyes of infants, at their first looking abroad into a new world, as nothing perhaps afterwards can equal: the heat and vigour of the succeeding summer of youth, ripens for us new pleasures, the blooming maid, the nightly revel, and the jovial chase: the serene autumn of complete manhood, feasts us with the golden harvests of our worldly pursuits: nor is the hoary winter of old age destitute of its peculiar comforts and enjoyments, of which the recollection and relation of those past are perhaps none of the least; and at last death opens to us a new prospect, from whence we shall probably look back upon the diversions and occupations of this world, with the same contempt we do now on our tops and hobby-horses, and with the same surprise that they could ever so much entertain or engage us.

SOAME JENYNS.

NATURE OF MAN.

MANKIND through all ages have been the same: the first times beheld first the present vices. Yet who could imagine, that there is such a contrariety even in the same character? It was Nero, who, signing a sentence against a criminal, wished to the Gods he could not write.

CHARITY.

THE essence of religion is Charity—Its form and substance is in a tender and benevolent heart

—an heart melting with desires for the good of our neighbours as our own—and not that merely on account of harbouring this or that party, but on account of his being a man—of the same nature as ourselves—equally walking with us towards the grave—equally the candidate of a glorious immortality.

REFLECTIONS.

NOTHING is more common than love converted into hatred. And we have seen instances of hatred converted into love.

If our faces were not alike, we could not distinguish a man from a beast, if they were altogether alike, we could not distinguish one man from another.

No affection is more deeply rooted in human nature, even among savages, than that between parent and child.

Indigence and obscurity are the parents of industry and economy: these, of riches and honour: these, of pride and luxury: these, of sensuality and idleness; and these, of indigence and obscurity. Such are the revolutions of life.

ANECDOTES.

A Clergyman in Essex (England) who had long farmed his tithes alternately among his parishioners, began at last to suspect that the rogues endeavoured to make the income of his small living still less, and so determined at last to take his tithes in kind. To "*cheat the parson*," is one of the oldest jokes in the history of agriculture, and stands on the same authority with the wittier malevolence of *distressing him*. These gentlemen, determined not to be behind hand with their predecessors in the last harvest, sent for the parson to take away his hay the moment it was cut down, alledging, that as soon as it was cut into *swathes* it was no longer *grass*, and that he might turn it and cock it himself.

Rather than go to law, the parson submitted, and took his next Sundays text on brotherly kindness, beginning thus: "Brotherly kindness may be divided into three parts—domestic affection, social love, and charity; from all which proper inferences may be drawn for instruction.—Thus, brethren, I have given you a sermon in *swathes* you may turn it and cock it your selves.

The plan succeeded; his parishioners doubled the income, acknowledging it even less than it should be. Thus, what justice and law might have kept from him for many years, was given up to a clerical joke.

A ZEALOUS Clergyman had taken for his text these words, "*And Satan came also among them*." At the moment of his reading the text, an old decrepit negro entering the sanctuary, supposing himself pointed at, and with a degree of resentment, looked the priest full in the face—retorted—*Tou grad to see your sader?*

OBITUARY.

*A thousand ways frail mortals lead
To the cold tomb, and dreadful all to tread.*

On Saturday morning last, died very suddenly of the Lock Jaw, having run a nail in his foot a few days before, Capt. JOHN STAKES, of New-York. Capt. Stakes was a brave soldier in the late American army, and had ever adhered to the principles of the American revolution.

POETRY.

*The pleasing art of poetry's designed
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,
And celebrate the first great cause of things.*

FABLES OF FLORA.

THE MISLETOE AND THE PASSION-FLOWER.

IN this dim cave a Druid sleeps,
Where stops the passing gale to moan;
The rock he hollowed o'er him weeps,
And cold drops wear the fretted stone.

In this dim cave, of different creed,
An hermit's holy ashes rest:
The school boy finds the frequent bead,
Which many a formal matin blest.

The truant time full well I know,
When here I brought, in stolen hour,
The Druid's magic Mistletoe,
The holy hermits Passion flower.

The offerings on the mystic stone
Pensive I laid, in thought profound,
When from the cave a deepening groan
Issued, and froze me to the ground.

I hear it still—Dost thou not hear?
Does not thy haunted Fancy start?
The sound still vibrates thro' mine ear—
The horror rushes on my heart.

Unlike to living sounds it came,
Unmixed, unmelodized with breath;
But, grinding thro' some scrannel frame,
Creaked from the bony lungs of death.

I hear it still—"Depart," it cries;
"No tribute bear to shades unblest:
"Know here a bloody Druid lies,
"Who was not nursed at nature's breast.

"Associate he with demons dire,
"O'er human victims held the knife,
"And pleased to see the babe expire,
"Smiled grimly o'er its quivering life.

"Behold his crimson streaming hand
"Erect!—his dark, fixed, murderous eye!"
In the dim cave I saw him stand;
And my heart died—I felt it die.

I see him still—dost thou not see
The haggard eye-ball's hollow glare?
And gleams of wild ferocity
Dart thro' the sable shade of hair?

What meagre form behind him moves,
With eye that rues th' invading day;
And wrinkled aspect wan that proves
The mind to pale remorse a prey?

What wretched—Hark!—the voice replies,
"Boy, bear these idle honours hence!
"For here a guilty hermit lies,
"Untrue to nature, virtue, sense.

"Tho' nature lent him powers to aid
"The moral cause, the mutual weal;
"Those powers he sunk in this dim shade,
"The desperate suicide of zeal.

"Go teach the drone of faintly haunts,
"Whose cell's the Sepulchre of time;
"Tho' many a holy hymn he chaunts,
"His life is one continual crime.

"And bear from hence, the plant, the flower;
"No symbols those of systems vain!
"They have the duties of their hour;
"Some bird, some insect to sustain."

TO-MORROW.—COTTON.

Pereunt et Imputantur.

TO-MORROW, didst thou say!
Methought I heard Horatio say, to-morrow.
Go to—I will not hear of it—to-morrow!
'Tis a sharper, who stakes his penury
Against thy plenty—who takes thy ready cash,
And pays thee nought but wishes, hopes and
promises,

The currency of ideots—injurious bankrupt,
That gulls the easy creditor!—to-morrow!
It is a period no where to be found
In all the hoary registers of Time,
Unless perchance in the fools calendar.
Wisdom disclaims the word, nor holds society
With those who own it. No, my Horatio,
'Tis Fancy's child, and Folly is its Father;
Wrought of such stuff as dreams are; and
baseless

As the fantastic visions of the evening.
But soft, my friend—arrest the present mo-
ments;
For be assured they all are arrant tell-tales;
And though their slight be silent, and their path
Trackless, as the wing'd couriers of the air,
They post to heav'n, and there record thy folly.
Because though station'd on th' important watch,
Thou, like a sleeping, faithless sentinel,
Didst let them pass unnotic'd, unimprov'd.
And know, for that thou slumber'dst on the
guard,
Thou shalt be made to answer at the bar
For every Fugitive; and when thou thus
Shalt stand impleaded at the high tribunal
Of hood-wink'd justice, who shall tell thy audit?
Then stay the present instant, dear Horatio;
Imprint the marks of wisdom on its wings.
'Tis of more worth than Kingdoms! far more
precious
Than all the crimson treasures of life's fountain.
O! Let it not elude thy grasp; but, like
The good old patriarch upon record,
Hold the fleet angel fast, until he bless thee

From the MASSACHUSETTS MAGAZINE.

JACK AND THE DEACON.

TWO sons of Neptune, Jack and Will,
One Sunday's morn were walking,
On various subjects, this and that,
With much sang froid were talking.

Per chance as near a house of prayer
They fearless urg'd their careless way,
The deacon of the church they met;
In robes bedizen'd for the day.

He bow'd, and thus the tars address'd,
"Good sirs, why pass ye thus the time;
Surely you'd better walk with me;
Sport on this day is no small crime."

With all my heart, each tar reply'd,
And boldly with the man they ventur'd;
Who kindly led them to the house:
When on his course the parson enter'd.

With prayer the solemn work begins,
A song of Zion next succeeds;
And here the deacon, rising slow,
Gravely proclaims the psalm and reads—

"With Hyssop purge thy servant, Lord;"
Then tun'd aloud his vocal nose;
But, luckless man, behold! a tune,
That suited ill his verse, he chose:

Thrice he essay'd to found the line;
And thrice he hem'd to change his tone;
But vain, alas! prov'd each attempt;
The man now wish'd himself alone.

Jack, mov'd to pity, saw his friend's distress,
Nor could he long his summon'd feelings curb,
But rising from his seat he loudly cry'd,
Deacon! for G—d's sake try some other herb.

THE LOTTERY.

AT will, while fortune turns the wheel,
That life's a lottery mankind feel;
All venture, few confess their gain,
For rich and poor alike complain;
The lover's mad, the miser's four,
The coxcomb all things in an hour;
The low repine, and, for the high,
They're angry too—they know not why.
This single maxim saves the wife,
"Content makes any lot a Prize."

AVARICE.

CAN avarice give content? the miser view,
His cares how num'rous, and his joys how few!
See him, with brows contracted o'er his store,
Wretched with that yet grasping still for more:
See him in all the agonies of fear,
A picture strong of misery appear;
Substantial misery—no words have strength
To paint the miser's wretchedness at length.

AN IRISH BLUNDER WITHOUT A DOLL.

COL. Patrick O'Blaney as honest a Teague,
As ever took Snuff to repel Pest or Plague,
Having got a French Snuff box of Papier Machee,
Which to open requir'd much pains, do you see?
Always kept a bent six-pence at hand in his
Pocket,
And call'd it his key, by the which to unlock it;
As by niggling and wedging it under the Lid,
He came at the Rappee that was under it hid:
But one day when he wanted a pinch for a friend,
He search'd for his Tester, but all to no end,
Till at last 'twixt the pocket and lining he found
it.

When in rage he cried "Alas, the Devil con-
found it,
"I'll engage you don't serve me that same trick
again,
"For to make me be after thus hunting in vain:"
In op'ning the box by the help of the tizzy;
And snuffing his nose till his noddle was dizzy,
He chuck'd in the coin, and exclaim'd with a
shrug,
While tight went the rim down, "So there you
lie snug;
"And, my hide-and-seek friend, I beg leave to
remind ye,
"That the next time I want you I'll know
where to find you."

SUBSCRIPTIONS for the RURAL MAGAZINE
are thankfully received at the Office of the
Newark Gazette, at TWELVE SHILLINGS per
annum—one third in advance.

—NEWARK—PRINTED—

By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,

FOR THE PROPRIETOR.